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New Roads

"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
. . . I took the one less travelled by,"
Robert Frost

There is always a road not taken. Sometimes it is a branch of the familiar path, a new one we haven't seen before, or maybe just the familiar road transformed.

This spring, Mount writers are following new roads, finding new themes, and treating old ones in new ways. This is an issue of exploration.

Diane de Anda, following the example of James Joyce, explores language for the sheer delight of words and their sounds. Our poetry leads to new places — Avila in the spring, a garden reminiscent of Japan, and a Trappist monastery.

The most exciting thing about this issue is the crossroads. Literature is meeting other forms of expression. Our articles treat of Cézanne and Picasso as well as Henry James and Emily Bronte. Existentialism and art, together with stories and poems find a place in this *Westwords.*

This spring, as roads of creative expression grow wider, we are exploring the less-travelled roads.

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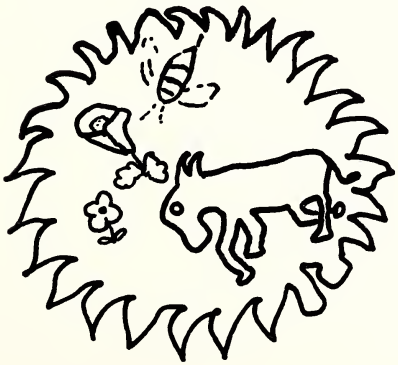
Avila: Spring

Lu Mattson

Spilled down from us they flow,
Rush red off green wind's hill,
Pool-plashed poppies — below
Where now the young bulls come
To try their horns.

And still we lie,
Still in the wind and see,
Where red runs black,
Bulls dance in the sun —
Thinking they are alone —
Not knowing our eyes above flower-fall.

And they clang black and flash young,
Splash red wave on wave
In anointing sun.



Sandy Rogers '64

Cummings and Picasso

The current movement in both the literary and pictorial art fields today is away from the traditional and literal representation and toward a more expressionistic and subjective creativity. This creativity is not only important to the artist who produces the work, but also to the observer as well. The painter is attempting a new kind of approach which enables the observer to look into the work on his own terms and find its meaning, rather than have it clearly stated before him, as in the case of a purely realistic painting. The poet is also attempting this new approach, making it necessary for the reader to look beneath the literal meaning of the words themselves, and seek the total effect or message of the poem. In both these fields of artistic expression, this movement demands the work of the receiver as well as that of the artist himself in order that the works may be appreciated and understood to their fullest.

Examples of this new movement can be seen in the poetry of E. E. Cummings and in the paintings of Pablo Picasso. Through a discussion of one of the works by each of these artists, it will become apparent that appreciating poetry or painting is no longer a matter of simply reading or looking; it is a task which involves the whole person, intellectually as well as sensibly.

In E. E. Cummings' poem, "Anyone Lived in a Pretty How Town," it is clearly evident that he is not trying to create a clear-cut picture of words for the reader. Many of the words which he uses have no apparent meaning in relation to the line in which they are placed, yet by putting these words together, Cummings has created the over-all effect which he desires.

The very title, "Anyone Lived in a Pretty How Town," shows Cummings' disregard for the literal value of the words he uses. The reader is not quite sure of his meaning of "How", nor for the meaning of "Anyone". This word could mean just any person or it could also refer to a particular person.

[1]E. E. Cummings, "Anyone Lived in a Pretty How Town," from *The American Tradition in Literature,* ed. Sculley Bradley, New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1961, p. 1650. All further quotations from this poem will be taken from the same page.

The second line of the first stanza, "(with up so floating many bells down)", again confuses the reader as to the author's meaning. The words "up" and "down" indicate a countermovement or contradiction, as do the words "didn't" and "did" in the fourth line of the same stanza.

In the first line of the second stanza, "Women and men (both little and small)," it is ambiguous as to whether or not the poet intends to indicate the size or the outlook of the people. In the line in which the people "sowed their isn't" and "reaped their same," the reader feels still further confused as to the meaning of the poem.

Throughout the entire poem these contradictions and confusions make it difficult for the reader to know exactly what Cummings is trying to say; yet, when he finishes the poem, the reader is aware of a definite, over-all picture which it has evoked. The passage of time, indicated by the use of the seasons, the daily chores of the townspeople, and the lives and deaths of "anyone" and "noone" are seen and understood by the reader. He has the feeling that even though many of the words are confusing or out of context, they still have produced a picture, one which he has had to seek out from beneath the "veil" of scrambled words and irregular punctuation.

Cummings' use of the "functional shift," that is, changing a word from one part of speech to another as a means of emphasis, can be compared in many ways to Picasso's use of "single plane distortionism" in which he combines the front and the profile view of an object into a single form. This method is also used to add emphasis to his attempt to show a many-sided, three dimensional object on a two dimensional canvas.

In an untitled painting by Pablo Picasso, several of the devices similar to those used by Cummings can be seen. In this work, a very distorted figure of a woman sits staring into a darkened mirror, as garlands of withered flowers dangle from her hair. A comb has fallen to the cushion beside her. Dully admiring her faded image she does not know that her beauty has fled.

Just as "Anyone Lived in a Pretty How Town" gives a feeling of sadness at the realization that time passes on, and people live and die and are forgotten, so does this painting give somewhat the same effect. Again, however, it is not an immediate sensation, but comes about only after a careful examination of the elements Picasso has incorporated into the work.

The withered flowers and the darkened mirror are indications of the passage of time, as also is the watch on the right arm of the woman. The use of the profile-front view of her face and the distortion of her figure seems to indicate that this woman is no one in particular; rather, just as "anyone" and "noone", she symbolizes mankind in its entirety. She is the universal personification of life fading into death. The small, closed room in which she is seated gives the impression that the outside world has no place or interest in her fading life and beauty.

Although the observer is aware of the ambiguous distortion of the pictorial elements of this work, he nevertheless is able to see beyond to the over-all message which lies behind the individual elements.

Picasso and Cummings are both interested only in the universal, over-all effect of their artistic endeavors. The individual elements which go into making up this effect are quite unimportant in their own literal right, yet when combined together, they become the basis of the work. While Cummings makes use of the functional shift, scrabbled words and lack of punctuation to create his world of poetry, Picasso uses the single plane distortionism and ambiguity of form to create his world of painting. Clearly, both these techniques require that the reader or observer look beyond the purely literal representations and into the "hidden" meaning that the artist is trying to convey. This "looking beyond" is the core of the new movement in art, since it necessitates the use of creativity on the part of the appreciator as well as on the part of the artist.

Camille Esselle

Winter Flame

Lone,
    tonight,
I smell the smoke,
Feel the slow smoke furl,
Curl the dust-lost must-lost ash —
Your letter is gone.

The Red Tide

Helen Jaskoski '63

We sit here, facing water.
Between us lies an inch of sand
and on the other side
    a more than world
        where I sit in darkness facing
        metal bars between me and the quiet
        cancer eating out your lungs, and I listen
        alone
        to water splash and gurgle drop by quiet
        metered drop, gently lacing
        breath through sterile air; I listen
        to soft sleep-yielded moan
    and sigh
of water swelling over sand, as moon-
flecked shore slips soft and salty out, away
from here where weightless foam pounds land
to mud, to dust, to nothing under slide and sway

of airy choking froth that lights and
glows and dies too soon
    for my eyes
        too near clearness cannot see by the shallow
        glow of yellow that hesitates before
        the door, diffuses in not far, not bright
        enough to light the nearer wall;
        I only know by fall and force of indrawn air
        the figure there, the brittle wrist and finger-joint, the hollow
        sharp below the collarbone, drugged eyelids helpless to hide
        those eyes too wide, for having seen too clear,
        too near
    other worlds
here are water and sky, where we see
by fog-light, mist-sheen, no brink no line
that shade of sky and water join, no wall
no roof no star, but only haze-veiled moon-
light over water, over brine; waves rise, dilate,
grow green and glow, to pulse and pause,
to wait,
and waiting fall, slip back again. As far into infinity as

we see here where water and sky are

blackness

from the corners of the room melts out

from ceiling floor and wall, condenses thick between

your shape and shadow lying there and me. I cannot see

the hanging bottle, cannot see the green

tank upright on the floor; I only hear

the solemn rasp of life escaping here

from tube and vein and lip, of sucked, swallowed, cried out

life

where we sit smoothing our hands on sand, aching

to talk, and I curse thoughts too light, too soft, breaking

on words

no tongue has speech for

thoughts dead weighted in my throat, heavy behind my eyes,

too strong to shatter on the fragile lies

of words

water whispers

and we dig our feet against an inch of sand, waiting to say a later day

worm-light

quick-dying out of water heard in darkness.

Buon Giorno

Lu Mattson

We never played cops and robbers, Peggy and Joe and I; we were too full of the war. The war meant that Mr. Parker had a block warden's helmet and arm-band in his closet, and that was good; it meant that my brother was gone, and that was good and bad; and it meant that our world was full of soldiers and guns and tanks and the wonderful belief that there might be a blackout any night. We lived, I know, in the hope that there would be an invasion or an air-raid or anything that would bring the war to us.

And if it came — no *when* it came — we knew what we would do. We had a dozen, a hundred plans, full of hiding and messages and courage. They gripped our chests and made us pull our mouths down tight when we talked about them.

Joe had climbed down into the sewer once and his mother had nearly killed him for it. He had come out of the drain grimy and with a eucalyptus leaf stuck by a cobweb to his hair. He had come out very brave.

"Well, that one works," he said. "That's new headquarters. Get your provisions and we'll ditch them in Mrs. Grey's bushes. They'll be ready when it happens."

And we had split for home. But my mother caught me with a candle and Mrs. Grey found Peggy and Joe's blankets in her hedge, and that was the end of that. But we never gave up hope. And one plan was dropped because of Mrs. Grey and my mother only to have some other, better one take its place. Then that would excite us until something else interfered or it lost its flavor from too much practice.

Peggy was the oldest so she should have been the boss. But Joe could hit your arm until it stung like fire, so he was. Besides, he was a boy, and he could make up war plans that Peggy and I could never equal. He was the one who would lead us to secret hideouts and work out the codes and tell us when it was time to practice throwing grenades. Only once in a while, when we really worked at it, we could trap Joe into playing the game our way, and then Peggy would be the chaplain and Joe would be the soldier and I would be the battle-front nurse. We would hide in the laundry room and Peggy would marry us, watching while Joe kissed me, making sure I kept my eyes closed the way I was supposed to. But the ceremony would always end with a shell burst someplace behind

Joe that would echo first from his mouth and then send us diving for cover with its blast.

Then it would be Joe's turn, and we would play firing squad. The Parker's lived across the street from Ralph's parking lot, and the empty crates and discarded produce were piled against the market at the corner of the lot. I would have to be the captured enemy then and stand with my shoulders against the hot white-washed bricks while Peggy said, "Ready, aim," and Joe threw cabbages or lettuce or oranges at me. He could only have two shots, and when he hit me it was dishonorable if instead of dying with valor I ran home crying with squashed vegetables on my face.

We knew every house for blocks around. The yards and alleys were our front lines and we had fought our way across each porch. We knew from the little blue or gold-starred flags hung in front windows which homes belonged to soldiers. We knew a patriot had lived inside if a window had a "God Bless America" sticker pasted to it. And Mrs. Bleeker was something special. Her window had a picture of a bull-dog in it — which we didn't understand — and he was standing on a British flag. But we figured it was all right. Her son, Freddie, was in France.

As strongly as we wished for a real invasion, we longed for a real enemy, and Joe did what he could to find one.

"I've found Nazis," he said one afternoon and led us to a street beyond our usual perimeter. "Keep walking. Don't let them see you know. That white house over there. Sticker on the door." Joe stopped in the street and started throwing his tennis ball against the curb, whistling and ignoring us.

Peggy and I, facing straight ahead but with our eyes as far to the right as they would go, passed the house. Then we stopped and waited for Joe to catch up. "I can't see it," Peggy said, "except for the eagle on it. You sure, Joe?"

He blew his breath through his teeth. "You dopes, go look!" and he turned and threw the tennis ball up onto the porch, and Peggy and I ran after it.

"Let's we forget!' " Peggy read. "Let's we forget.' Let's get out of here," and we jumped from the porch and ran down the street to Joe.

"See, you wouldn't believe me. Those dirty rats!" He scowled back at the house.

"It said 'Lest,' " I said.

Peggy took her brother's side. "It said 'Let's.' There's no such word as 'Lest.' That's not a word."

"See!" Joe hit me with the tennis ball. "America don't mean *nothin'* to them and they're Nazis."

And I said "Yeah" and gave up.

"Dad," I said that night, "Joe found Nazis." He was putting

the car in the garage and I had been waiting for him to come home. I swung back and forth on the garage door and waited for him to pick up his tool box and come out to me.

"Joe what? He found Nazis? No kidding," and he poked me in the ribs and I doubled up and he laughed.

At dinner he said, "Did you tell your mother about Joe?"

And she said "About what?"

"Joe found Nazis today."

I nodded. "This morning. On the way to school."

"How does he know?"

"I know, too. I saw the house. There's a sticker in the window says 'Let's we forget,' " and they laughed.

"Lest,' honey. The word is 'lest,' " my mother said.

"Oh."

"It means, 'for fear that.' Like 'Lest we forget,' drink your milk." And it was "Lest we forget, brush your teeth or go to bed or comb your hair" around our house for a long time after that.

Joe found out, too, but he never quit trying.

No one moved in Los Angeles during the war. There was never a place to move to, and our fathers were frozen by the government to their jobs. So it was unusual when one day a moving truck pulled up to the house across the street on the other side of the parking lot and began unloading a few pieces of furniture. An old woman lived there, we knew, Mrs. Scansi; but none of us had met her. We could see her sometimes sitting on her porch or working around her roses, and we had stolen figs from her trees, but we only knew her name. Joe came and found Peggy and me and we snuck like commandos from the lawn swing to the incinerator of the neighboring yard and into the hedges and hid in the leaves so that we could watch the men unloading the van. We lay there in the shadows, in the smell of the grass and the hot dirt, and watched until the truck was emptied.

A fat man wearing a hat stood on the front porch with Mrs. Scansi. He stood with his hands in his hip pockets, rocking slowly back and forth. He watched the movers unloading the truck, and occasionally he turned around and looked at the old lady. She sat hunched over at one end of a low bench. She looked away from the man, answering him with short words and staring into the potted ferns next to her. His teeth flashed once as he jerked his head back and he said something loud to her in a strange language and walked into the house.

"Italian," Joe whispered. "Spies," and he pretended he had a walkie-talkie and was reporting to headquarters about it. He could always think of the good things to do.

Mrs. Scansi sat there for a long time after the truck had pulled away, not really looking at anything. Finally she got up and,

shoulders bent, disappeared into the house.

I asked my father at dinner that night if there were any spies in our neighborhood. He and my mother looked at each other and he said "No" in a gentle voice. "You don't have to be afraid of spies. They wouldn't come around here."

"My father says you don't know anything," I said to Joe the next day. "He says there aren't either spies around here."

"Well my father says there are too, and he knows because he works for the government, and besides he says anybody could be a spy, even your father."

"He didn't either say that about her father," Peggy said.

"Did, too. And you don't have to help us. We don't need you hanging around," and he crouched down and scuttled across the street to the bushes we had hidden in the day before. So I pretended I believed him and took my turn keeping watch on old Mrs. Scansi's house.

Our plans then were all about how we were going to get in to find the radio, and we were afraid the invasion might come before we got our chance. Joe drew pictures of the house with a twig in the dirt and showed us where the scout, that was me, ought to go in first and how Company B, that was Peggy, ought to be able to get in the side door, and he told us where the guns were probably hidden. But nothing ever moved at the house. The man was swallowed up inside and Mrs. Scansi didn't sit on her porch very much any more, and she didn't spend much time with her roses.

I told Ray, the big boy next door, about the spies and he laughed at me. But I saw him and two of his friends hanging around the parking lot and talking after that. He saw Joe and me keeping lookout one afternoon and waited until some woman was walking down the street with her groceries. Then he yelled, "Hey, you punks found any more SPIES lately?" The lady looked at us and we were embarrassed, and Joe punched me in the shoulder with his knuckle for telling.

After that Joe said he would keep the watch alone or with Peggy, and he threw rocks at me when I came up to where he hid. Then Joe would come and tell me that there was an aerial on the roof and that he could hear beeps coming from the house at night. But it was a long time before he let me come back to help.

When he did I whispered to him and asked, "Where's the aerial?" He pointed. There was a pole attached to the roof and a wire led down from it to the peak of the house. It didn't look like an aerial to me, but I rolled up my hands like fieldglasses and looked through them at the house and didn't say anything.

Then one day he said it was time to move in on them.

"Go get rocks," he said, "this big." He dug one out of the dirt and showed Peggy and me a stone the size of his hand, "and

papers and pencils."

We spent the afternoon in the patches of sun under the lemon tree in Parker's back yard outdoing each other, laughing.

"How do you spell 'retribution'?"

— "You are being watched. Be careful."

—"We are going to blow you to bits."

— "Stinky Dago spies."

Some were coded: A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . "You rotten traitor." And some were pictures — swastikas, bombs, knives . . .

I kept pushing away the thought of what my mother would do to me.

"Boy," said Joe, "we'll get them." And we wrapped the papers around the rocks and hid the ammunition under the house in a shoe box. But before we left it we took two from our supply and, flattening ourselves against the side of the house, we edged down the driveway and hid behind the parked cars opposite Mrs. Scansi's. Joe took one of the rocks in each fist and pushed his hair out of his eyes with the back of his hand. Then he wound up and — crash — they clattered against the front door and fell onto the porch.

We did it every afternoon. We would watch to see the curtains part and then the door would open and Mrs. Scansi would come out. Mrs. Scansi in her black dress and print apron and old black shoes and with her white hair pulled into a bun at the back of her head. She would stand for a moment peering out into the street and up and down the front yards. And then she would look down at the rocks and reach out and hold the railing and bend down to pick them up. She would straighten up slowly, unwrapping the papers, holding them low and away from her and looking down her nose to read "Traitors die." Then she would drop the rocks over the rail into the flower bed, smooth out the wrinkles in the papers and fold them carefully away in her apron pocket and turn and close the door behind her. We would lie hidden, face down in the grass, with our hearts pounding, thinking of her and the fat man standing together behind the closed door, reading our warnings. And then we would run for Parker's back yard. We were safe together.

Peggy and Joe had gone to the dentist one afternoon and I was alone. I played around the crates at the market for a while and finally drifted inside to visit with the butcher. But he got busy with some customers and hadn't wanted to talk much anyway, so I wound up sitting cross-legged on the floor by one of the cashier stands, going through the comic book rack. And then a soft voice came and pulled me away from Captain Marvel. It was saying, "Sorry, don't understand. Don't talk English."

I looked up and there, close enough for me to touch her, was Mrs. Scansi. And the cashier — the one Peggy and I admired for her long red fingernails — the cashier was saying, "Seventeen

cents. This size is seventeen cents. You need two more pennies."

Mrs. Scansi, whispering to herself, opened her coin purse and handed it to the girl. And while the cashier poked through the change the old lady looked around to see who had noticed her embarrassment. And then she looked down at me and stopped. She just stood there and stared at me — me with my mouth open and "Captain Marvel" on my lap. Neither of us could look away. Finally the cashier touched her on the arm and handed her the coin purse and her package. Mrs. Scansi walked out past me, still staring, and when she passed she breathed in her old voice, "Buon Giorno."

I repeated it to myself all the way home and thought about it that night as I lay in the dark before I fell asleep.

It was summer then, and we were hot and brown from the sun. Peggy and I had hauled huge cardboard cartons home from the market one afternoon. We had tipped them on their sides and had pushed them together to make a house. We were using Mrs. Parker's butcher knives, cutting windows in the walls for light when Joe tore into the yard.

"Come on!" he yelled. "Come on!" and we pounded barefoot down the driveway, pulled by his excitement. We raced into the front yard.

And there across the street, shining and unbelievable, glistening black and white, its door open and the red lights flashing on and off in silence, stood a police car. There had been no siren and no neighbors had gathered in the street to watch. It was still, absolutely still.

We stood there, we three, on the edge of Parker's lawn, Peggy and I still with the knives in our hands. And we watched the policeman ease the car door shut. Old Mrs. Scansi, still wearing her print apron, sat next to the window nearest us, next to the fat man, and her old eyes looked and looked out at us.

The car pulled away through the shimmering heat and Joe turned to us, his eyes wide, gulping in air through his mouth.

"You shut up, Joe," I said.

"Yeah, shut up," Peggy echoed.

Fog

Fog is an old man
blowing smoke rings on
a windy day.

Sr. Loretta C.S.J.

Shadows

have crept to the opposite side of the hills. The morning coolness is slipping back instead of leaving. A pinnacle of sunset rock juts out cut away from its shore by the sea. The golden fields of dying grass, sway, stretching from the blackly green hills to the marsh grass and sand where the seagulls doze in the last sun and fishing boats bob at anchor weary after pushing against the sea.

One man in gray stands near the brown pillars of a broken pier. His footprints stretch a long way down the beach. Already they are disappearing with the same breeze that is carrying away the smoke from his cigarette into the collage of sun and clouds.

Ten robins fly over. The man drops the cigarette into the sand and brushes its last redness out. The first of high tide streams across the toes of a few seagulls who move to the warmth of the marsh grass as the train hurries me into the darkening sun.

Patricia O'Gara '64

Lu Mattson

Waiting for Rain

We lie
— caught between seasons —
Searching the sun with only-moving eyes.

Furrowed,
We dry between seasons,
Crack,
Watch flecks of us crumble
then soundlessly settle —
or dust the wind that probes,
that knows,
that sifts us,

Then goes,
Lets us whisper of water —
of wetness —
of winter
That come out of the sun
And find us ready
— waiting for rain —

Summer Storm

Helen Jaskoski '63

Rain-scent wind dusts dry
bamboo leaves, quivering
under enamel sky.

Warm gray clouds, pregnant
with rain, walk clumsily over
the rice fields.

Smell of thunder scorches
our eyes where
plum blossoms drop
through heavy air.

Cherry shadows lay

lacquered on the pond; now

weave the lace the other way.

Sun sucks amorphous

petals of mist from

the straight black furrows.

Fallen pomegranate

lying in mud

refracts garnet.

We sit together

in olive shade,

leeward of jasmine,

silent as jade.

Margaret Buxkemper '63

Composer in Paint

In order to recognize the genius of Cézanne, and justify his distinguished reputation as a master of composition in the contemporary sense, it requires only the time and interest to view *Mont Sainte-Victoire,* a typical Cézanne landscape.

Although Cézanne was a contemporary of the Impressionist movement of the nineteenth century, he has very aptly been called the father of modern art. His innovations in the use of color, his distortion of nature for the sake of composition, his flattening of representational objects into abstract shapes, and his concern with a path of movement for the eye to follow through the pictorial space of the composition, are more than enough to classify Cézanne as possibly the first modern.

The subject matter of *Mont Sainte-Victoire* is ordinary. It consists of some large trees in the foreground, intervening fields and houses, and mountains in deep space, but the execution of the scene is extraordinary. Lines, colors, texture — every element in the composition adds to its order and movement. You need only

compare a photograph of Mont Sainte-Victoire with the painting to realize how much more you can appreciate and love the scene through Cézanne's eyes. He used Mont Sainte-Victoire as a starting point for his painting, but rather than copying the scene exactly, he composed and created in paint. The result is more than a particular landscape in a particular town in France. It has a universal quality, a life of its own, apart from the landscape which provided the subject matter. He painted what trees and mountains are. He submits to the observer what order in nature is. The order did not really exist in the isolated landscape from which he started. He painted the order he observed in nature as a whole into his picture.

Cézanne comprehended the essence of mountains and trees and fields. Intellectual understanding created love and a need for expressing what he had discovered, because when any of us come to the realization of some truth, it is our nature to express it, to share it, whether in paint, by writing, or by word of mouth.

Fully to appreciate Cézanne as an innovator and creator, it helps to analyze separately the elements of line, value, texture, light, and color, all of which have been arranged plastically for the purpose of an ordered movement, and consequently a pleasing composition.

Line is created primarily by planes, and in some places by light. The planes are created by change of color. Horizontal, vertical, diagonal, and curvilinear lines are included in the composition. The horizontals are most numerous, and function as a unifying factor. They vary in width and length, but there is no mistaking the steps they create in the picture, the space they create in the painting. The front planes are marked by horizontals, and the farthest plane, the mountain, is marked by a horizontal. Your eye gradually steps from line to line, reaches the top, and comes easily back to the foreground. The progression of lines is not monotonous. In many places an horizontal is broken by a building, foliage, a tree, or a river.

The verticals also help to create depth and mark planes. The main vertical is the single tree nearly in the center of the picture. It is probably the most important line in the composition. It establishes the front plane, and after the eye moves back to the mountain, the leaves and branches of this tree catch up the eye, repeat many of the shapes in the composition, and deposits the eye at the level of the bridge. From there, the repetition of planes brings your eye forward again.

The study of the diagonals and curvilinears is similar to that

of the horizontals and verticals. Their function is to establish a path of movement, and relate the foreground to the background.

The many lines in this painting have a common goal, or unifying purpose. In their own way, they all create a deep space marked subtly but surely by a succession of planes, which begin in the foreground, move step by step into deep space, and return the eye again to the foreground.

The next element to be considered is the pattern of light and dark. The large tree, since it extends from the bottom of the picture to the very top, provides distribution of value over the whole picture plane. In fact if you follow the value pattern, it moves spirally. The movement begins in the right corner, moves to the center, to the left edge of the picture, comes back to the right center, then to an oval area beneath the bridge, and finally returns to the right corner.

Texture plays a definite part in the composition. It is distributed throughout the picture, and differs in direction and density according to where it appears. It is heaviest in the front planes, and becomes lighter in deep space.

The placement of light in the composition contributes to the sense of space. Except for Mont Sainte-Victoire, the whole valley is more illuminated than the hills in front and behind. The light seems to neglect the other mountains, and settles on Mont Sainte-Victoire. It is probably accented by light because of its greater height, and because it is the focal point of the picture.

As uncomplicated as the color scheme appears, the utilization, and arrangement of color is probably the most interesting innovation in the painting. Cézanne's use of color is not merely decorative, nor necessarily realistic. He takes tints and shades of green, blue, and brown, and in the modern tradition composes with them, so that they become an integral part of the composition. He builds his objects with color. He creates change of plane with blocks of color. The value pattern is the result of the gradations of colors. Color becomes as essential as line in creating a path of movement in the composition.

Viewed as a whole, or in its essential parts, *Mont Sainte-Victoire* is a visual experience in order and movement. Cézanne, the nineteenth century composer and innovator, both contributed to, and influenced the further evolution of Cubism and abstract art of the twentieth century.

With Song for July

Helen Jaskoski '63

Of wind caressing my sides, of warm rain and warm sun shining
on my hair
You smile and whistle, gaily say I thoughtless ride my crests of days
In shores and falls of bending grass, of marigolds, and finely-
fingered maindenhair.

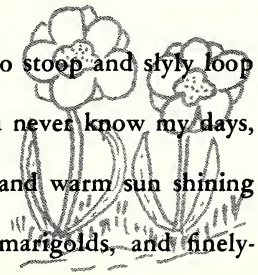
How is it you are blind to feel, to hear, that I so stammer, long to
share
This darkness in my rivers, too, the night that stings and bites,
and cruel play
Of wind caressing my sides, of warm rain and warm sun shining
on my hair.

You sing me soft and sure and smooth and say my only care
Is how the clouds against my cheek brush light, is smell of sun-cut
hay
In shores and falls of bending grass, of marigolds, and finely-
fingered maidenhair.

But you don't cry, as I, on how the gull's wing lies against the sky,
how bare
The rock and wave; you cannot see this how my land is made: black
sea and cutting spray
Of wind caressing my sides, of warm rain and warm sun shining
on my hair.

You have me always riding free you see alone I fare, seem not
to care
Because I merry, and laugh, because I cannot say this way that I can
lie, be gay
In shores and falls of bending grass, of marigolds, and finely-
fingered maindenhair.

I want you, yes — how easy I would think to stoop and slyly loop
my snare;
But you I love, too, know — and know you never know my days,
my ways
Of wind caressing my sides, of warm rain and warm sun shining
on my hair
In shores and falls of bending grass, of marigolds, and finely-
fingered maidenhair.



Why Catch Wish After Slipper

(an addition to *Finnegan's Wake*)

Diane de Anda '65

Piple comeplain iv the beardbrane, en sieve the beard bit a streck of headtule. Bid these simpiple to know thet jusun little headtule outdone thet iv a catch. Now a catch grubbed a flittle beard en opened its fanks to test the morecell. "Plead, seer catch," bigged the beard, "if you ir to eat me, plead have the curt to fierst wish yir dearty pause." The catch thought himself quit setch the gent; so, swickly he lefted his pause to wish the deart. The beard sawed his home en en instand, en the purr catch head no slipper.

THE CREW EN THE FLUX

The flux was a blite-eyed fella, wid sooch a cliverslying head, thit minny a crew wid came fliing wir sooner a layder finned dead. Bud ip in a tray win fin marnin, wir a black head to mech his redin. This crew wir a mightidy fella when tankane to kreep a fayther, wall flux pud all headtule to stomack, en lest bleck slipper that wayder.

Something Like a Window

Helen Jaskoski '63

A window is something through which you see out — or in. If you look out of a window, the window frames — and limits — the world that you see. You see only what the window shows, and then, only what the window shows is the whole world. If you look out of only one window, the only world you see is the world in that window.

Windows open to the world, but walls limit windows. Walls need not always have windows, although windows must always be in walls. Seeing the world through a window means accepting the wall. Accepting the wall means choice. The wall excludes part of the world. But the window frames and shapes the world that you see. And so something is lost — part of the world; something is gained — form, and, with form, meaning.

Loving another is something like looking through a window.

Each person has a wall. The wall is for keeping things out — or in. If you love someone and are loved, that person opens to you a window in his wall. Through this window you can see part of the world of the other. But this window is in a wall that is between you and the other.

There is another kind of window. The one you love can be like a window that frames and shapes your world. You see the world through and in the loved one, and that one becomes the world.

But this world is limited; it is only the world you see through the loved one, and that one then excludes part of the whole world. And so the loved one is both window and wall.

Love is choice. Choosing the window means choosing the wall. Something is lost — a part of the world; something is gained — shape and meaning.

Family Name and the Conflict in Wuthering Heights

Judy Krommer '63

In her novel, *Wuthering Heights* (Random House, 1946), Emily Bronte has woven a plot involving two generations within a literary framework of "internal" narrative. The inquisitive outsider in the person of Lockwood, is told the story by the informative insider in the person of Nelly Dean. This paper, however, is principally concerned with the use of names as an illumination of conflict and theme as they unfold through two generations of Earnshaws, Lintons and Heathcliffs. Therefore, the characters with which it shall chiefly concern itself in the first generation are Catherine Earnshow, Heathcliff, and Edgar and Isabella Linton; in the second, Catherine's daughter, Catherine Linton, Linton Heathcliff, and Hareton Earnshaw.

The reader is first confronted with the significance of the Earnshaw name when Lockwood notes that name and the date 1500 over the main entrance at Wuthering Heights. When he later questions Nelly, he learns that the Earnshaws are an old family. Probably the first indication of conflict in regard to the name is given on the occasion of Lockwood's brief stay at the Heights. While there, he notes three names carved on the window ledge in a room which had once belonged to Catherine Earnshaw.

> The ledge, where I placed my candle, had a few mildewed books piled up in one corner; and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small — *Catherine Earnshaw,* here and there varied to *Catherine Heathcliff* and then again to *Catherine Linton.* (p. 23).

The implication of the theme's conflict and later resolution is further hinted in Lockwood's dreams. He imagines in his dream that a branch is striking the closed window and he arises to unfasten the casement.

> The hook was soldered into the staple: a circumstance observed by me when awake, but forgotten. "I must stop it, nevertheless!" I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch; instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand! . . . A most melan-

> choly voice sobbed, "Let me in — let me in!" "Who are you?" I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself. "Catherine Linton," it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton?* I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton); "I'm come home: I'd lost my way on the moor!" (p. 29).

As the plot progresses the meaning of the last passage gradually becomes clearer. The stability of the Earnshaw name is the bulwark of the theme and the alignment of other names with it is in the sense of variations on that theme. Catherine, in calling herself Linton, has truly represented herself: she has died a Linton. Yet her wish is for Lockwood to "let her in," to let her be an Earnshaw again. She states further that she has "lost her way on the moor," the moor she frequented with Heathcliff. Neither Linton nor Heathcliff has the stability, one might say the longevity of Earnshaw. Catherine cannot "come in" herself; she can never be an Earnshaw again. Lockwood does not give her entrance and even goes so far as to bar the way; when that fails, he resorts to violence.

> Terror made me cruel; and finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, "Let me in!" and maintained its tenacious grip, almost maddening me with fear" (p. 30).

In this scene with Lockwood, Catherine makes her appearance as a child, yet she states that she has been wandering for twenty years; in this way she shows the disparagement between her youth as an Earnshaw and her death as a Linton. Lockwood's first conversation with Nelly Dean, housekeeper to the Earnshaws and later to the Lintons, shows the outline of name exchanges. As the story proceeds she also recounts how Heathcliff first comes into the family, through his "adoption" by the elder Mr. Earnshaw. She tells how Heathcliff soon is obsessed with Catherine, and how Catherine responds to Heathcliff's passion with an equal passion of her own.

> On coming back a few days afterwards . . . I found they had christened him "Heathcliff": it was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since both for Christian and surname. Miss Cathy and he were now very thick (p. 44).

Heathcliff does not even possess the individuation of surname. His name functions both as Christian and surname, the implication being that he brings no identity to his relationships, no lasting name for any partner in marriage. This mutual obsession between Cathy and Heathcliff can lead to nothing fruitful, and later, with

the excuse that she and Heathcliff would be beggars were they to marry, Catherine consents to marry Edgar Linton, the comfortably wealthy owner of Thrushcross Grange. It is at this decision that the "name" conflict begins. Catherine Earnshaw, in marrying Edgar, has become Catherine Linton. Heathcliff, as an act of revenge on the Lintons whom he hates, and more especially since Edgar's marriage to Catherine, later marries Isabella Linton, Edgar's sister. So, an Earnshaw has become a Linton, a Linton has become a Heathcliff. In the last violent scene before Catherine's death in giving birth to Catherine Linton, she tells Heathcliff: "You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! . . . You have killed me — and thriven on it, I think" (p. 186).

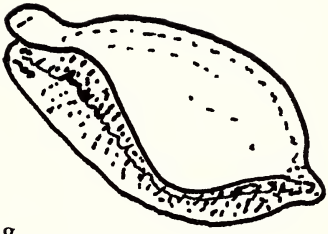
Out of the union of the now quite miserable Isabella and the fierce Heathcliff comes Linton Heathcliff, a sickly child, even as the Earnshaw predecessor who once bore the name later given to Heathcliff. The warring elements of both "Linton" and "Heathcliff" are within himself and shown by his name. Catherine Linton parallels the mother who died in bearing the name, Catherine Linton. She is the transitional point in the resolution of family name for the first Catherine Earnshaw. When she has reached a marriageable age, she is forced, but willingly, into a union with Linton Heathcliff, by Heathcliff, who in the meantime has cheated Hareton Earnshaw out of a house and property rightfully his, and rules as a despot over all who come near him. But even as the Catherine-Heathcliff relationship in the first generation was not, and could not be consummated because of its destructive violence, so this union between Catherine and Linton Heathcliff is not consummated, but because of Linton's sickliness. Catherine bears Earnshaw and Linton blood which has been fruitful in the preceding generation. The Heathcliff strain has a hatred both on the Earnshaw side, in the person of Hindley Earnshaw, and on that of the Lintons. A true union with the Heathcliff strain can only be ruinous. With Linton Heathcliff's death, which follows soon upon his marriage, Heathcliff's line becomes extinct. His blood no longer taints succeeding generations. As Catherine herself put it: "He's safe, and I'm free,' . . . (p. 346). Following Heathcliff's death, an ultimate union between Catherine Linton and Hareton Earnshaw is in the offing. So it is that the second Catherine satisfies the wish of the first. The reader has moved from Catherine Earnshaw to Catherine Linton, from Catherine Linton back to Catherine Earnshaw, with two unconsummated relationships with the Heathcliff strain involved. The conclusion shows that only Earnshaw has stability, only Earnshaw has any length of life, and it is only the second Catherine's taking of the Earnshaw name that allows the first Catherine to "come in" again.

Lu Mattson

Night,

And here just mist to say,
There is a sea.
Believe if you can see
fog eddy, hold sound
— like water —
make lights drown
or the yellow flame of day
gutter and go down, go grey.
If you can breathe the taste
Of sea grass, believe waves
Are there to pound down worlds,
Given only time.

Shell-een



I am the shell, sunning
On the beach, baked
free of my moist soul.
Listen.
You may hear it whine —
the me that cried salt.
The one you hold chokes on sand.

Vicki Branch '64

On a Trappist's Habit

Marian Menger '63

White is open.
It waits like a patient plateau,
Not empty to the crushing rush of green,
But fallow to the finger of God,
Fresh to the tones of His touching.

White lies fallow
To grow the pattern

of a bullfinch on snow
of loam in October
and crosses on chicken coops,

To fathom how things clutter
In a clumsy chaos of praise.

Huge, flamboyant white,
Too full for precision in doing.
Thoughts too big for an arched ceiling
or a cupped hand

must billow.

For prayers explode on the hill behind St. Joseph's knoll
Where Gregory's songs bounce off the silent sycamores.

White is open.

Existentialism in The Portrait of a Lady

Helen Jaskoski '63

The chief problem posed by Existentialism is that the philosophy is primarily a complex of divergent and often contradictory ideas and attitudes proceeding from intensely personal interpretations of a few commonly accepted but vaguely defined concepts, rather than an organized system of thought. Because of this diversity and apparent lack of coherence in the philosophy, the artistic unity of the novel necessarily limits this discussion to those Existentialist viewpoints most directly relevant to Henry James' treatment of his theme in *The Portrait of a Lady.*

However, this interpretation of *The Portrait of a Lady* does not rest merely on unrelated conclusions pertaining only to isolated aspects of the work. James develops the character of Isabel Archer according to the same principles that provide the basis for Existentialism:

> A recall to the selfcreated by its choice and projects and consolidated by commitment and fidelity, as the starting-point of personal reality and the condition of all knowledge, evaluation, and good, is the fundamental position of existentialism.[1]

Conversely, the novel provides a controlling force by which widely differing theories derived from these basic tenets of Existentialism can be related.

In *The Portrait of a Lady* the reader first encounters Isabel Archer in a situation of almost absolute freedom. She is young, an orphan with no family ties, intelligent, good-looking, an American

[1]H. J. Blackham, *Six Existentialist Thinkers* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd., 1952), p. 25.

girl who is not bound by most of the mores of nineteenth century American society, and she is traveling in Europe with all the advantages of friends of position and culture. She herself is aware of her personal freedom; in her first conversation with her cousin, Ralph Touchett, she says, "I'm very fond of my liberty."[2]

James establishes more definitely Isabel's desire for liberty when he has her refuse offers of marriage from Lord Warburton, the wealthy and attractive neighbor of the Touchett family, and from Caspar Goodwood, a well-to-do American businessman. James makes it clear that her refusal of the proposals of both the European and the American is a result of her wish to be free; he also emphasizes that her knowledge of this freedom is vague and that she does not choose with complete liberty:

> What she felt was not a great responsibility, a great difficulty of choice; it appeared to her there had been no choice in the question. She couldn't marry Lord Warburton; the idea failed to support any enlightened prejudice in favour of the free exploration of life which she had hitherto entertained or was now capable of entertaining (p. 108).

Thus James posits the basis of Isabel's character and circumstances —desire for freedom in a situation of at least potential freedom— as the active and limiting factors in her development of her selfhood.

At the beginning of her story Isabel's independence is qualified by two significant limitations, a lack of sufficient money to be materially independent, and a lack of knowledge and perception. The first limitation is removed by her cousin Ralph. He persuades his dying father to leave Isabel a considerable fortune, without her knowledge of any intervention, in order that she may be as completely free as possible. Ralph's motives are superficially disinterested; he wants her, he tells his father, to have sufficient money to "meet the requirements of her imagination . . . She wishes to be free, and your bequest will make her free" (p. 174). But he also regards her as an object for his own satisfaction. His father says, "You speak as if it were for your mere amusement," and Ralph answers, "So it is, a good deal" (p. 175). Isabel's situation is altered for the first time, not through her own choice, but through her being made an "object" by another.

James shows Ralph's relation to Isabel according to the principle which Sartre considers basic to human relationships:

> Every entity other than myself figures in my consciousness as an object in the world. My native inclination is to order all the objects I encounter according to the pattern of my private project . . . However, the resistance of selves to my . . . designs is different than that of things, since other

[2]Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady* (New York: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 1961), p. 27. All further quotations from the novel will be from this edition.

people are also centers of consciousness and freedom.[3]

In the development of this theory Sartre posits hatred and disaster as the only possible results of the inevitable clash between people. In the novel, Ralph's treatment of Isabel as an object is one of the preliminary causes of her disaster. However, James makes her eventually able to transcend her situation and to negate the hatred which Sartre feels is consequent on realization of this relationship.

The other limitation of Isabel's freedom — her lack of knowledge and insight — is the limiting factor in her first positive choice, her decision to marry Gilbert Osmond. Isabel, in refusing Warburton and Goodwood, had rejected commitment to both European and American society. But her acceptance of Osmond, an American expatriate and dilettante living in Italy, again commits her to neither society; she has made choice without commitment.

Although her decision is positive, it is choice without knowledge. She is unaware that Osmond is marrying her for her money, and that her admired friend and confidante, Madame Merle, has used Isabel's ignorance and friendship in order to further the marriage. The motives of neither Osmond nor Madame Merle are disinterested. Osmond wishes to gain the financial independence which he feels will compensate for his weakness of character; Madame Merle wants Isabel to marry Osmond in order that Pansy, the illegitimate daughter of Osmond and Madame Merle, may receive the advantages her own mother is unable to give her. Ralph Touchett had treated Isabel as an object when he secured her financial independence; because of this same money she is again used as an object.

However, as a result of positive choice, Isabel has moved into a new situation — that of marriage. Jaspers differentiates these two kinds of situations as the condition of "being-there" in a circumstance "which can be altered or circumvented," and the contrary "limit-situation."[4] Before her choice of marriage to Osmond, Isabel was primarily "being-there" in a situation that could be changed by her being used as an object; Ralph, Madame Merle, and Osmond each relate to her in this way. Her earlier refusals of marriage to Warburton and Caspar Goodwood, because they were essentially negative decisions without positive commitment and without insight, could not alter her situation. Although she still lacks insight and has not made a decision requiring responsibility to either American or European society, she commits herself to

[3]James Collins, *The Existentialists* (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1952), p. 237.

[4]I. M. Bochenski, *Contemporary European Philosophy,* trans. Donald Nicholl and Karl Aschenbrenner (Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1961), p. 193.

marriage and places herself in the "inescapable, ultimate, unchangeable"[5] limit-situation. James has her choose the situation freely and completely, but she realizes the totality of her commitment only when her former limiting lack of knowledge is removed.

Isabel learns that Pansy is the daughter of Madame Merle, and that Madame Merle and Osmond had conspired in order to obtain Isabel's money. Realization of the consequences of her choice results from this enlightenment, and is intensified by Osmond's opposition to her wish to visit her cousin Ralph, who is dying. Confronted with the decision of whether or not to leave her husband:

> It seemed to her that only now she fully measured the great undertaking of matrimony. Marriage meant that in such a case as this, when one had to choose, one chose as a matter of course for one's husband . . . What he thought of her she knew, what he was capable of saying to her she felt, yet they were married, for all that, and marriage meant that woman should cleave to the man with whom, uttering tremendous vows, she had stood at the altar (p. 496).

James himself sums up this theme of the novel in the same terms: "The idea of the whole thing is that the poor girl, who has dreamed of freedom and nobleness, who has done, as she believes, a generous, natural, clear-sighted thing, finds herself ground in the very mill of the conventional."[6]

At the beginning of the story one of the obstacles to Isabel's freedom, her relative lack of money, was removed for her and she was placed as an object in a new situation — one which in turn provided limitations of its own kind. With her lack of knowledge partially removed, James has Isabel choose at this point to make herself free in a new way. She leaves Osmond against his wishes, almost against his command, and goes to England to see Ralph. In this independent action of leaving her husband, Isabel attains through her own choice the most absolute freedom yet possible to her. She can now be aware

> that existence is only real as freedom; that in the ensuing act of choice, I recognize myself as the true self; that choosing, I am; and that this choice, though arising in a concrete historical situation, must be unconditioned by external circumstances.[7]

It is within the context of this new freedom that Isabel makes the great "total inward commitment" that defines her as a person.[8] She refuses Caspar Goodwood's offer to live with him in America

[5]*Ibid.*

[6]Henry James, *The Notebooks of Henry James,* ed. F. O. Mathieson and Kenneth B. Murdock (New York: Oxford University Press, 1947), p. 15.

[7]F. H. Heinemann, *Existentialism and the Modern Predicament* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1958), p. 64.

[8]Soren Kierkegaard, "Concluding Unscientific Postscript," *A. Kierkegaard Anthology,* ed. Robert Bretall (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1947, p. 214.

or anywhere in the world she chooses, and James implies that she returns to Rome to live with Osmond as his wife. In this final decision she is fully conscious of her situation, freely chosen and inescapably limiting, of being married to Osmond. She can and does accept the limitations of her circumstances as inevitable, fully aware "that the self which I am invited to become is the self I am in my situation, historical and transcendental. There is no alternative self."[9] And in her realization of knowledge and liberty she is able to transcend any hatred of Osmond or Madame Merle, and to relate positively to Ralph. This acceptance of her cousin is implied when, after learning that he was responsible for the legacy left her by his father, she says to him, "I don't want to think—I needn't think. I don't care for anything but you .... Why should there be pain? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain? That's not the deepest thing; there's something deeper" (p. 530).

James places Isabel in a marriage which is essentially a fraud and a travesty of the meaning of marriage. This personal commitment to an apparent evil is only understandable in Existentialist terms:

> Through having ventured to take a decisive step in the utmost intensity of subjective passion and with full consciousness of one's eternal responsibility, one learns something about life.[10]
>
> [Knowledge] emerges in response to the exigence of the individual, serving to bring him to the point of choosing to will absolutely, thus positing good and evil and bringing into existence a positive self, which in the concrete absolute choice (informed by thought) would become something definite, and by persistence definitive.[11]

Here Henry James, by the artistic statement of his insight into choice and commitment, saves the novel from a viewpoint of skeptic pessimism and provides a controlled expression of the Existentialist perception of the human condition.

Finally, Isabel's assertion of her own selfhood through her decision to return to Osmond, and her inward transcendence of a situation which seems to be a deadening antithesis to freedom, is recognizable only in Existentialist terms:

> It is through our reactions to the inescapable situations that our potential existence becomes actual—we become ourselves whenever we enter into the inescapable situations with our eyes open.[12]

Henry James has created in Isabel Archer a person who, by her choice and renewal of choice, grows out of the situation of "being-there" as an object, into the positive realm of a self-moving, self-creating individual. It is through this development of the character of Isabel that *The Portrait of a Lady* achieves a synthesis of the Existentialist paradox of freedom through commitment.

[9]Blackham, *op. cit.*, p. 50.
[10]Blackburn, *op. cit.*, p. 9
[11]*Ibid.*, p. 15.
[12]Bochenski, *op. cit.*, p. 193

Circle

Point

In motion

In perfect orbit

Traces are without notion

Of its movement; neither does it

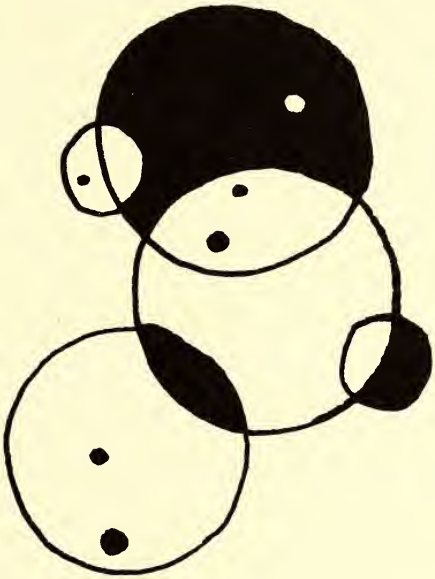
Know every move holds and scores a new point,

Closes intervals along the curve

Beginning, ending each arc

Whole and part which serve

Beauty, mark

Point

Diane Nelson '64